1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

A knotted cord or quipu (*dūtsuddjigà*) is used to add formality to an invitation to another tribe or in accepting an invitation from them. The cord, which is carried by the messenger, contains a knot for each sleep which will elapse before the meeting. One knot is cut off each night: the last one, which is by itself at the end of the cord, represents the meeting. Thus the Havasupai sent one, made by the reservation policeman, to the Navaho at large by a member of that tribe. This had seventeen knots and referred to a dance held in September, 1919. Two instances of quipus brought by Walapai were noted; both invitations of local chiefs to mourning ceremonies. On August 20, 1921 a Navaho, who was not a chief, gave one with ten knots to Supai Jack, a prominent man, with the information that the Navaho would arrive at the Havasupai village in the afternoon or evening of September fourth.

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These are not used as mnemonic devices, nor do they use notched sticks in this way.

A family may keep track of the return of a traveler by marking on a stone or post, erasing a mark for each sleep as it elapses.

211

Six directions are recognized: the four cardinal points, the zenith, and the nadir.

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north	mátávigà
west	nyatópovi (sun's setting place)
south	kàwávigà
east	nyádjà'álové (sun's rising place)
zenith	amávigà or hualávigà (middle of the sky)
nadir	matávilà or ámtávigà (middle of the ground)

The place where the speaker is (ámčàtù"waiyū'g, ground where I am), is not considered a direction. In naming the directions they are given in the order north, west, south, and east.[1] There is no color-direction association.

822 151

Color terms are as follows:—

hyágà or hyádj	black
hyaw'gà	brown
álwū'lágà	red
gwalaw'gà	pink
ágwáfg	yellow
a,hual'vá	white
vaqwà	blue-green
vahaqigà (?)	blue
vahaqtlávigà	green

[1] The Navaho order is east, south, west, north, zenith, and nadir (Franciscan Fathers, 83; Stephen, 64, 260); that of the Hopi north, west, south, and east (Voth, (a), 33). That of the Pima in lighting a funeral pyre is south, east, north, and west (Curtis, II, 72). The San Carlos Apache circuit is like the Navaho, east, south, west, and north (Goddard, (b), 7.)

[171]

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Vesnor and his horse. The children scampered off through the brush on the trail that led to the village. At home there would be food, the kind they were accustomed to and for which they hungered in a way no white man's viands could satisfy. Perhaps it would be the delicious corn bread their mothers made by crushing grains of new corn to a pulp, molding it into elongated shapes which were fitted into the husks of green corn and baked in the ashes. The bread would be rich and sweet and more delicious than any hardtack ever made. Or if it were the season for little green squashes, there would be another treat. The squash, cooked, mashed and mixed with the cooked grains of new corn, was a delicacy so enjoyed that the thought of it could start the children's feet running toward home. There would be food at every house they passed on the trail, and a Havasupai shared as generously as our own ancestors did before we measured our sustenance by its cost in dollars and cents.

That week another letter came from Mr. Ewing demanding that I submit the annual report immediately. He added the important news that the Hackberry Day School would open in the fall as the Truxton Canyon Training School. This would be the fulfillment of the promise he had made to the Walapai that he would establish a boarding school for their children.

Early Saturday morning I started to the Indian village to get additional information to incorporate in the annual report. The trail hugged the foot of the west wall. I had passed scattered wickiups, tucked back among the willows, before I came to a high, precipitous section of the wall that narrowed the passage. Bob, one of the tribe's medicine men, had told me that the god-spirit lived in two columns of stone on the rim of this inthrust section. The Indians had discovered these at the time they had settled in the canyon.

I had an excellent view of the two great pillars of red sandstone, as tranquil and aloof as images of Buddha. Neither white man nor Indian could fail to be impressed by them. What force placed them in that exposed position? How had they stood through the

2:111ff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

ages, battered by gales and floods which had brought down sections of the wall itself? The Indians must have asked themselves these questions many times. The wise men of the tribe gave them a satisfying answer: the indestructible god-spirit lived there to watch over and protect the people in their new home. The Indians spoke of these gods with the naturalness with which one mentions a neighbor or a friend.

"Our gods make gardens grow good. They watch over the people," they told me confidently.

And in a sense, I was indebted to their gods for this greatest adventure of my life. The Indians' well-being depended on these god-spirits, so they had refused to leave the canyon. When the Indian Office considered establishing a school for the Havasupai children, pressure was brought to induce the Indians to move to the plateau. It would be simpler for them to move out of the canyon than for the government to freight equipment for the school across the desert and down the precipitous trail. But the Indians became bewildered and frightened. "If we leave our gods, we die!" they cried. So the school came down to them. Yet the officials located it a little too far up the gorge for the gods to guard it with a watchful eye, which may account for the fact that, later on, it was destroyed by a flood.

Just beyond the gods, the walls swung apart. The broad, level floor between was occupied by the village. Spaciousness of land and sky inspired a sense of freedom. The cultivated acres were laid out like a checkerboard, in somewhat irregular squares, each displaying the mixed greenery of gardens and orchards. A fence of brush or poles enclosed each square, emphasizing the mosaic effect. The Indians had not completely removed the wilderness from the canyon; the stream could be traced by the tangle of wild vegetation lining its banks, and dense thickets claimed too much of the land. Old willow trees and cottonwoods dominated the scene.

The houses sat cosily near the gardens, or were connected with them by tree-shaded lanes. There were several half-dugouts, but

2:11fff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

727 162 It was a gala occasion of feasting and dancing. Faces were grotesquely painted, costumes and ornaments were designed to heighten the emotional orgy. Enemy scalps, taken in the fight, were washed and cleaned by the old women, then tied to the tip of an upright pole. The people danced round and round the pole, patting their mouths, giving a more savage note to the victory song, working themselves into a frenzy while they harangued the scalps, blaming them for the raid. "We do not steal from your home. We stay here and make our gardens grow. You kill our people. You steal our food, our blankets, our horses, our women. Now you cannot eat. You cannot sleep warm at night. You are dead."

When Gentle Annie or any of the older Indians spoke of the victory dance, emotions ran deep, their eyes kindled with a fierce light. Again they were driving back the hated foe, running the scalping knife around the hairline of his abandoned dead, peeling off a scalp.

648 Eventually, the Great Father in Washington sent his soldiers to clear the canyon of all hostile Indians and settle for all time the matter of raids. We found the names of soldiers and those of army officers, including General Crook's carved on the canyon walls.

712 We retraced our steps down the trail feeling that, in those little rooms, we ourselves had lived their tribal wars. We crossed over to the fort that stood on an outjutting bluff, impregnable on three precipitous sides; on the fourth side, a narrow trail wound steeply to its top. At several points along the trail we found piles of stones left from their last battle, ready to be rolled down on an enemy. We picked up arrowheads, but could not determine whether they had been dropped there by the Havasupai or shot there by the enemy, nor if they had been smeared with the deadly poison. We peeped through the portholes, took pictures of the place and departed.

713 823 High up on the wall to our left were two lonely figures, the Buck and the Squaw. The Indians had told me the legend of their plight, so we stopped to see how closely the two stones resembled the figures of a man and a woman. At a time when the Apache had

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

conquered and held all the land on one side of the stream, limiting the tribe to the strip on the other side of the Blue Water, an Apache man fell in love with a beautiful Havasupai woman. He crossed the stream, killed the woman's husband, and fled with her up the steep canyon wall. The Havasupai gave chase, but when the guilty couple had almost reached the rim of the inner canyon, the gods struck quickly, turning the pair to stone. There they remained through all the centuries, a grim reminder to all Havasupai women of the penalty of illicit love.

Such love affairs were not unknown in the village. When neighboring tribes came in to trade, a man would dole out the quantity of food he would pay for the transient affection of some woman of the visiting tribe: so many ears of corn, so many measures of beans. Some of the Havasupai women were capricious and took advantage of these occasions to live daringly. However, as a rule, the home seemed to be a stable institution in which man and wife maintained its integrity.

A slow walk through the village, stopping to talk to the people, accepting an ear of roasted sweet corn at one wickiup, a handful of crisp sunflower seed at another; then, with reluctance on my part, we started home. Somewhere in the canyon walls was a secret cave filled with tools and weapons such as were used by Those of Old. Vesnor, when a boy, had watched old men secrete this native handicraft and seal the cave, leaving no identifying mark. I knew I could never find it, and Vesnor refused to disclose its location. But how adequately those tools would reveal the ancient culture of an agricultural people such as the Havasupai!

We ate a pickup meal, then I sat in our old rocker to read my daily paper, published in Oklahoma City and a week old by the time it reached the canyon. The delay did not lessen the shock of the news of President McKinley's assassination. But the excitement, the hatred and fear aroused by his death could not reach us in our seclusion. We could not plunge into political intrigues and the turmoil of a world that seemed hardly to exist while we lived, vicariously, the adventures of a courageous people in discovering and defending a mysterious canyon.

3:James T-5 (ca. 1909) 1963
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

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a sad farewell of her, closed up the end of the tree, and then sat down to await the destruction of the world. It was not long before the floods began to descend. Not rain, but cataracts, rivers, deluges came, making more noise than a thousand Hack-a-tai-as (Colorado River) and covering all the earth with water. The pinion log floated, and in safety lay Pu-keh-eh, while the waters surged higher and higher and covered the tops of Hue-han-a-patch-a (the San Franciscos), Hue-ga-wool-a (Williams Mountain), and all the other mountains of the world.

"But the waters of heaven could not always be pouring down, and soon after they ceased, the flood upon the earth found a way to rush into the sea. And as it dashed down it cut through the rocks of the plateaus and made the deep Chic-a-mi-mi (canyon) of the Colorado River (Hack-a-tai-a). Soon all the water was gone.

"Then Pu-keh-eh found her log no longer floating, and she peeped out of the window Tochopa had placed in her boat, and, though it was misty and almost dark, she could see in the dim distance the great mountains of the San Francisco range. And near by was the canyon of the Little Colorado, and to the north was Hack-a-tai-a, and to the west was the canyon of the Havasu.

"The flood had lasted so long that she had grown to be a woman, and, seeing the water gone, she came out and began to make pottery and baskets as her father long ago had taught her. But she was a woman. And what is a woman without a child in her arms or nursing at her breasts? How she longed to be a mother! But where was a father for her child? Alas! there was no man in the whole universe!

ward glance at his own threadbare soldier coat and well-patched breeches.] I am young [he was nearly fifty], but am I not old enough to remember how my people dug the soil with wooden hoes, or cut the poles of their cabins with stone axes, and skinned the deer with a knife of flint? No; I take the father of the Land of Sunrise [Washington] by the hand, and my father of the Land of Sunset [General Wilcox] do I grasp by the hand, that we may look one upon another with smiling faces."

The worship of the Ha-va-su-pai consists of prayers, made during their smokes, or at the hunting shrines, which are merely groups of rude pictographs along nooks or caves in the walls of the cañon. Here, seated on the ground, the worshiper blows smoke to the north, west, south, and east, upward and downward; then says, in a low tone, some simple prayer, only one of which, addressed to the spirit of the Deer-god, I was able to record: —

"Let it rain, that grass may grow for the deer.
Go not away, O deer, from my arrows and weapons.
Thou art ours; by thee do we live.
Go not away, but remain to minister to our wants, to accept of my sacrifices."

The Ha-va-su-pai believes that the source of his river is sacred and pure; that polluted by the touch of man it would cease to give forth its waters, and the rocks of the cañon would close forever together.

Ko-hót told me, one morning, the following beautiful story of the origin and history of his nation: —

"When the world was new it was covered with waters, save where a single mountain peak to the north looked out above their surface. Here, alone, wandered the great Coyote. Mankind lived in the four dark cave-plains of earth, below this mountain, until, under the guidance of a great cacique, they journeyed up from one to the other, and were finally led out into the light of the

RELIGION

The General Character of Havasupai Religion

[Spier (1928, 275, 289) has well, but briefly, discussed the position of supernatural beliefs in Havasupai culture. Religion was poorly developed; ceremonialism was meager except perhaps when it involved shamanistic practices. Some incipient borrowing was made from the Hopi in the use of prayers, masked dancers and prayer sticks; from the Southern Paiute in the acceptance of the 1890 ghost dance; and from the Mohave funeral rites. The concern with shamans and curing through spirits was typically Yuman, as were cremation, mourning ceremonies and fear of ghosts. The round dance undoubtedly was derived from the Great Basin. (See also Spier, 1929).]

Cosmology

The Havasupai believed that the world was flat and that the sky was a dome that came to meet the earth all around the edges. The middle of the world was at the San Francisco Peaks [the highest peaks in Arizona, north of Flagstaff, and visible from all parts of Havasupai territory except, of course, in the deep tributary gorges of Grand Canyon. This visibility accounts for the belief that the San Francisco Peaks are central in Havasupai world concepts even though, geographically, they are near the southeastern corner of their former range]. The earth, high in the middle and sloping away to the edges, was small, but the sky was large and very high.

Underground consisted of four levels, as did the sky. Shamans are reported to have seen these latter levels, which were inhabited by people with wings, sky people, mi ɬ?bĭ?djih.

The Havasupai recognized six directions, including the zenith and nadir (Spier, 1928, 169). There existed a vague notion of an ocean to the west [probably learned from the Mohave who had traded with coastal people]

Of the neighboring tribes the Havasupai knew the Walapai, Hopi, Apache, Southern Paiute and Navajo. [An interesting denial of knowledge of the Yavapai perhaps results from the Havasupai consideration that, of all creatures, the Yavapai were farthest from a human category. Further, unless one makes specific separate inquiry, Havasupais often tend to equate the Yavapai and Apache. Tales of Apache raids in reality refer to Yavapai encounters.] They knew of Zuni and Acoma, but did not visit Zuni or farther east. Knowledge of these pueblos came to them through the Hopi.

199 Southern Paiutes formerly visited and camped in Pai territory (Spier, 1928, 360-2). Our informants reported that some would swim across the Colorado River near Prospect Valley[access to the river may be gained from either side in this portion of Grand Canyon]. Paiutes also crossed in the vicinity of Diamond Creek[a southern Paiute campsite, Ariz. G:3:1 in the Arizona State College Archaeological Survey files, has been recorded at the junction of that stream with the Colorado River] and below there in the vicinity of Granite Park[where Walapai campsites and mescal pits, Ariz. G:3:2 (ASC), have been recorded]. These visits included those during which the Pai were introduced to the 1890 Ghost Dance.

[487] Hopis also frequented Havasupai villages and there was considerable movement of both peoples on the trading route extending along the south rim of Grand Canyon.

Sacred Places and Spirits

776 778 823 Shrines and sacred places were few, especially outside Cataract Canyon. Spirits were thought to inhabit Gray Mountain on the eastern boundary of their historic range, and a certain rock formation underlying the Coconino sandstone (at the end of the Great Thumb peninsula in Grand Canyon) was visited to make rain. The salt deposits on the Colorado River below [317] the mouth of the Little Colorado were used by the Havasupai but were not considered sacred. The San Francisco Peaks and Mount Sinyella [an isolated sandstone remnant on the esplanade northeast of Supai village], were thought to contain spirits which, if appealed to, could produce rain. People felt afraid to go too close to them. These landmarks were considered dangerous since visitors to them might cause too much rain or strong winds that could blow people off the canyon walls.

823 776 [782] [341] Virtually every spring known to the Havasupai contained spirits. Offerings of tobacco, peaches, or dried corn were made to these water sources, and menstruating women were cautioned against visiting them since the water might disappear. Prayer sticks, however, were not used at springs as was the Hopi custom.

Conception of the Soul

774 Spier (1928, 275) indicated that the Havasupai believed that "Each human has a soul in his heart;..." Our informants confirmed this, virtually denying a separate term for the soul. It was called "the heart" and "works inside with the blood." A person had only one soul. Beyond this, however,

[539] The reeds grew in the canyon at a place that was full of bones. So they didn't tell their mother where they were going but started out this way. They cut two long juniper trees; this kind grows straight, as long as canyon is wide now. They started down the canyon carrying the logs above their heads. When nearly to the springs of Havasu Creek the walls closed up but were held by the logs which wedged between them. So they came on down the canyon and got the reeds. The logs were still wedged in the cracks in old times, but have rotted out now. When the boys returned to their mother she got after them and said, "I knew you were going down there. That's why I didn't tell you the straight story. How did you get through?" But they didn't tell her anything.

3. Frog Rock

[115] [114] [This story concerns a rock formation on top of the Redwall limestone near Supai village. It was narrated by two informants. Three others denied that any legend referred to the rock even though the Havasupai generally refer to it as "Frog Rock."] [823]

The frog came from the ocean on the west looking for a good place to stay. He crossed the Colorado River below Needles, then spent four more nights of jumping around, playing close to the river. Then he took about a month more and he arrived in Havasupai Canyon. He was poised there ready to jump when he saw the river below. He was on the very edge of the rim when he turned to stone and could jump no more. Bagiova [a localized culture-hero] turned him to stone and made him stay right there for the Indians.

4. Origin of Menstruation

[533] [Some portions of this are sung. Squirrel and his daughter had a mythical home in a canyon off the Topocoba trail about 5 miles from Supai villiage. This is a longer version than that published earlier by Smithson (1959, 63).]

Squirrel and his daughter and Coyote lived together. The squirrel was a little older than the coyote; he was the coyote's uncle. The squirrel went hunting and brought in a deer. While Coyote was skinning it, he put his finger in the blood and flipped it on the inside of the girl's thigh. Coyote said to her, "Sister, you are menstruating. You can't eat the meat for four days." When he said that, the girl didn't believe him. Finally she grew angry; Coyote knew about menstruation but the girl didn't. She went to this side [north] of Seligman about 10 miles where cattle tanks are now. She brought a spring forth there with the femur of a bobcat; people used to eat bobcat.

that's why she had the bone. She split one piece of the bone lengthwise and put it in the ground. She left it a few minutes and pulled it out and water came forth. She traveled on to the southwest until she was thirsty again. Again she split a bone, put it in the ground, and brought water out. A spring is still there on the Walapai Reservation. [Perhaps Rose Well.] She kept doing this until she had made four springs, all the while traveling southwest. Then she reached some people camping at a village in the afternoon. An old lady was on the edge of the village. Some of the men were out hunting. When they returned, one shouted that there was a runaway girl and that she was going to be his. Another man said no, we'll look into it and see whose she will be. The men ate supper, and about dark they built a fire a little way from the house where the girl was staying with an old woman. The men started playing the sixteen-stick game. [A gambling game, not reported by Spier (1928), wherein the sticks were used as counters. Probably borrowed from the Southern Paiute.] Every once in a while a man would slip away from the game and go to the girl's house but she would beat them away and throw dirt on them. Even all the birds and animals tried except the quail. Others told him to try but he said, "I'm not a good-looking man like some others she has turned down. So why should I try. " But he finally tried. He put makeup on the feathers on his head and went in. She grabbed him and took him for her husband.

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The men went hunting, all except the quail. He was lazy. Other men were jealous of him because he ate gravel and didn't hunt for meat. The men said they wouldn't give him any more meat.

Finally, the girl was expecting a baby. It was in the girl's thumb. When delivery time came, the girl went out and thrust her thumb in a forward motion and the baby stood up on the ground before her. After the baby boy was old enough, his mother wished for meat. She told him to go to Grandfather Squirrel who was a good hunter. The boy didn't say anything. After they went to bed, he got up, put a stick under his cover for a dummy, and went to his grandfather, the squirrel. The boy was approaching his grandfather's house when he came to some women picking pinyons. They gave some to him, and yucca juice to drink. When they set his food before him, he said, "This isn't good to eat, just good to soften leather of shoes. " So he put it on his shoes. The juice was good for shampoo, so he washed his hair. Then he got his fine cornmeal lunch out and told them to eat. They said, "This isn't good to eat, just good for makeup. " So they painted their faces with it. No one ate anything. Then they went to bed. The ladies were lying in a row. After they were asleep he got up and tied their hair together. In the morning he awoke and waited for the women to wake up. They slept on so he called out, "I never saw anyone sleep like that. I thought you wanted to work. " One started to get up and all jerked each other, and laughed.